

Straight Aim

by Mag8889

Category: Half-Life

Genre: Humor, Mystery

Language: English

Characters: Barney C., Gordon F.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-05-12 03:20:20

Updated: 2013-05-19 00:12:17

Packaged: 2016-04-26 22:03:43

Rating: T

Chapters: 3

Words: 1,633

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: - STORY DISCONTINUED - Unexpected HL fanfic as an exercise in writing... Gordon gets himself into trouble TOTALLY not his fault this time! And Barney... is he a good pal after all? ENJOY!

1. Chapter 1

Freeman's eyes narrowed as he aimed cautiously. He had just one second to shoot the brains out of that Combine "masked bastard! He used a sniper rifle a few times already but he never had to be perfect with the only shot.

Greenish shade of his irises lit up from the inside. For half of a second he could grasp the sense of this whole war. As he relieved his breath with the trigger another shot reached his ears and with sudden realization, his eyes went blank and pale from green. He fell and the woman in distress got liberated from Aliens' power. As for now.

And then he opened his eyes. Totally awaken, he tried to sit down but then he moaned.

"Take it easy Gordon. You've slept at work again" Gordon mumbled in reply, while trying to overcome horrible, horrible hangover migraine. "I'd clean up all these bottles before anyone visits your den" Finished familiar voice and scientist heard steps slowly fading in the distance.

Then he moaned again but louder. No way he could conduct any experiments today. But wait! Wasn't it Saturday? Stupid Barney tried to make fun of him!

Of course Gordon would stay at work for Weekly Party with these very few colleagues who weren't 120 yet! These were mostly security workers, but that was even better! Administration kept its nose away from their "security tests". And Gordon felt so very much secured now. And in pain!

When he was trying to eat his abundant breakfast without puking all over it, Barney came to the table and shoved a huge mug of coffee within Gordon's eyesight.

"Thanks, but I don't drink coffee" He said doubtfully. "I think I got shot into the head last night."

His companion first seemed totally astonished for a second, then he relaxed and laughed quietly. Muffling his voice so his friend wouldn't get another headache.

"No one here can aim straight."

Gordon looked up at Barney's face and raised his eyebrows.

"Seriously?"

"Of course all the security dudes, yes. And maybe a few people from the management and Dangerous Materials storage. And you."

"And me?" Mumbled Gordon, looking down.

"But I wouldn't let anyone shoot ya during a party! I'm your bodyguard!"

"Ouch! Shut up please. Drugs hasn't kicked in yet. The thing is, I think it wasn't the first ever dream where I was actually shooting people. But it was the first dream where I got shot. Pretty badly from the look of things."

"I was having these damn dreams all the time while having shootin' trainin' Ya know, your brain gets excited an all. And your mind freaks out with visions of what could happen once you start workin'."

"Yeah, but I haven't used a gun for weeks!"

"Freakin scientist's brain can be much more twisted than a simple security guard's one."

"Yeah?" Said Gordon and suddenly went green on his face.

Barney stopped talking and did what had to be done to help this poor fellow.

2. Chapter 2

Gordon glanced once again into his reflection. He surely needed a shave and then a slap in the face. Or both in the same time. He grinned and then made a stupid face. It was much too easy to lose your mind in this "workplace". Since he arrived to Black Mesa, he was slowly getting used to the huge facility and actually started feeling really odd somewhere under his skin.

The place seemed somewhat much too familiar, especially as for a freakin job. It's not like he was going to a Black Mesa Club. With all the old-men-wearing-ties. He tore the damn tie off his neck on

the second week, on a Friday afternoon! Stupid corporate traditions were trying to possess all these brilliant minds even here.

>He coughed and went back to reality. With a headache.<p>

"Hey, we're going to have a drive across the desert at the afternoon. Wanna join? There'll be a rocket launch later at night!" Barney was so cheerful as always.

>Gordon started suspecting him of having something stronger than just shots of vodka every now and then. He gave him a short look and that was it.
"As you want. But don't complain later you don't have any friends to hang out with!"

"I almost died over that toilet. Gimme a break Barneyâ€|"

"You're not happy about workin here after all?"

The scientist shrugged slightly and snarled, sending his friend yet another, but deadly look.

"You're gonna get arrested for looking at people like thatâ€| Freakin psycho."

So this friendship was not to become one after allâ€|

>Later that day Gordon tried to get lost in his antimatter research notes but it felt dull. He was absolutely crazy about physics but these last few weeks spiced up with weekend parties started feeling really old.<p>

The truth was, most of the staff here didn't like him from the very beginning. Damn they didn't like him even before he arrived! These looks, talking behind his backâ€| Or ignoring him as only old professors with partial amnesia can. And shitty jobs at analyzing raw data from spectrometers or some stupid radiation stats...

He kept an optimistic mood on until he started realizing only few people actually tried appreciate his talent and work. Why the hell they wanted him here? Some old school rookie training before the SERIOUS stuff will be introduced? He surely hoped so!

>And there were almost no girls worth hitting on. Of a few.<p>

* * *

Freeman decided to try hitting on Alice tomorrow at the canteen. He should have better chances than anyone else here. Meanwhile he strolled down and out of the lab and got onto a train. He will have some fun tonight too! He was stinking relaxed and enjoying the ride when the alarm started ringing everywhere, killing his eardrums.

>He cursed and started looking around with panic. The train itself seemed to be hanging on.<p>

Automatic female voice of the announcer choked and stuttered a few times giving everyone an uncanny feeling of a threat.

The train kept on going and just entered the station when he finally heard a scream or two. Screams of absolutely terrified people. He hoped these were some of the asshole scientist he hated so much!

3. Chapter 3

The train jerked and Gordon was already standing by the door. He was afraid that the car would stop and creepy lady voice would tell him to wait for help. No wayâ€¦ No way he's gonna stay trapped in waiting for the whole facility to explodeâ€¦

Another series of moans and screams forced him to concentrate on what was going on. Definitely everybody were panicking and running around. It seemed that no shooting was involved yet. He jumped out to the station platform and realized that tomorrow he cannot hit on any girls because it was Sunday. He's gonna have to survive and make it until Mondayâ€¦

He tried to find a security guard in the overall chaos that appeared in front of him as he approached escalator. He stopped and revised his motivations again. Maybe staying in the train would be a better idea? He squinted, trying to understand what was so upsetting all these people upstairs. And then he understood. Bees. People run around, waving their hands and shouting, only when attacked by bees. Shit, maybe these were other mutant insects? Maybe these weren't insects at all?

Security alâ€¦lert. Securâ€¦ Pleaseâ€¦ guards at sector..or C or V or Aâ€¦

Gordon's skin went crazy goosebumps when the announcer made another creepy attempt to calm everyone down. He would never get used to HER voice.

"Or ass sector." He summed up the situation.

There were no insects at the Biology Department nowadays. At least from what he overheard from babes at lunchtime last week. They were complaining about lack of money for experiments on animal tissues. Like he caredâ€¦ but he cared now!

He fixed the glasses and slowly stepped back from the escalator. It had to calm down eventually. He had no allergy to beesâ€¦ Damn, he got stung enough times when he was a kid to get a full tolerance, but who knew WHAT kind of bees were these?

He noticed janitor's closet door in the wall under the escalator so he ran in there, hoping to find a safe spot in case bees decided to attack all Black Mesa staff, one by one.

Wait! He glanced at the other side of the station and he only saw a few onlookers, staring at the scene, keeping themselves far enough and exchanging some brilliant thoughts. One of a senior scientist was frantically talking to someone through a walkie.

Freeman sighted with a relief and ran to a maintenance entrance that would lead him to the other side of the station, omitting the danger-bee zone. Having security guards as friends was starting to pay off more than he expected.

Securâ€¦ Stay at yourâ€¦ Doâ€¦ Sector C labsbiology labsâ€¦ infesâ€¦ infestation labâ€¦

"Now she's talking with more sense" He murmured while rushing down a

narrow corridor. He didn't know if this escape makes any sense and as he raised his eyesight while crossing some equipment on the rugged floor he realized that it's worse than that. Two guards were closing up on him with their guns pointed straight.

He lost his breath for a second, remembering he's not wearing a lab coat, HEV or anything that would make him look less suspicious than normally. He wanted to say something and take out his ID, probably wrinkled somewhere at the back jeans pocket but eyes of the guys made him feel not safe. He stood still and raised his hands up. Seemed the best solution in a claustrophobic passage in a dim light.

"Hi guys" He started partially intimidated. "What's up?"

End
file.